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DALE LEIDIG'S
FIRST SHORT
STORY

## Editor's Quill

### BARBECUE

THE bane of most newspapermen's life is the covering of banquets, barbecues, picnics and political rallies. The boys would far rather foregather in some back room and write up the speeches *ad lib* than to attend in person. Whether this condition is due to the food, especially Rotarian pies, or the lengtly harangues, is a moot question, but when "Doc" Staniford said that the Indian Village Barbecue, given to raise funds for the Serra Festival, should be covered, the Crier cringed.

¶ *It was the first and only picnic we have ever truly enjoyed!*

¶ In our astonishment we haven't fully recovered. For there were politicians, peanut and garden variety, speeches, Beano games, and box fights. A combination guaranteed to annoy any journalist.

¶ But the politicos only grinned. The speeches were short. The Beano games were fun. And the boxing was as good if not better than many a card offered in the bigger cities.

¶ And the food, gigantic steaks, frijoles, toasted garlic French bread, was so good that the TOWN CRIER only ate three steaks and took two home.

¶ A thumbnail sketch in the absurd manner of Oscar Odd McIntyre:

¶ Don Hale . . . busy bartering beer . . . Frank Sheridan is here . . . now we can start . . . win a box of candy at Beano . . . who should win first but Mrs. Willard Whitney of Whitney's (Advt.) Candy Store . . . Paul Flanders, ex-officio chef . . . "Geev eet to heem!" . . . Jack Dalton, matchmaker, shaking hands with Mickey Walker, the Filipino boy who gave son Bobby a splendid scrap . . . George Marion who got the biggest hand of all . . . if they aren't careful, posterity will make it a Marion pageant . . . F. Robert Smith . . . out all night before and still going strong with a gorgeous blonde . . . Lynn Hodges looking a bit fagged until the fighting started . . . one fighter who had it in the bag nicely pulling his punches . . . great dissention among partisans of the referees . . . one group favoring "Doc" Staniford, the other, noisier faction hollering for Frank Sheridan . . . a compromise . . . "Doc" is allowed to referee one bout, then Frank . . . "Doc" covers up well in the clinches but Frank leaves himself wide open to Dave Matzke who is fighting a fine ringside fight . . . sitting down . . . (and so on, far into the night.)

¶ Carmel's better citizenry were there in force. Public spirited men and women who know that the Serra Festival bids fair to become an annual pageant, maybe an Oberammergau.

¶ So-called society was conspicuous for its absence. There is a, perhaps, no place for the Emily Posters chawing good red beef, ripped with the hands, and bone thrown to the hounds. 'Ods blood! my hearties, let's have more barbecues, more Stanifords, Sheridans, Burts, Marions, Wares and Matzkes.

CALLING a star chamber session over the absurd business ordinance, a recess took place in the Council Chamber the other eve and matters of the equine were taken up by citizens left to bide their time until Argie Campbell and the boys came out of the back room.

¶ Only John Catlin, the stalwart smithy, refused to go in corners and play hide and seek with the business racket, and stayed with the Press. Forgetting the hundred dollar business license stake, John said that he thought the horse was man's noblest friend.

¶ All this having to do with the proposed ordinance prohibiting the ponies from cantering on the North end of the beach during the summer time. Already the South end is closed off, which is as it should be, but to bar the *entire* beach from equestrianism, is not only highly unethical but distinctly unhorsy.

¶ Horses are a dominant factor in Carmel's life. There are, even now, not enough horses to make up for the horses . . . ask anyone! Where can one canter if one can't canter here?

¶ Leave the horse alone, gentlemen, have more star chamber chats with Mr. Campbell, if you will, but don't let it be a horse on you.

—THE EDITOR

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### WISE MEN

*Great and wise men take sides, one right, one wrong;*
*Forever at deadly war.*
*And still we think the wrong man great and wise—*
*How funny we are!*

—ANNICE CALLAND

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# The Dance

A SHORT SHORT STORY

BY DALE LEIDIG

It was Bert's twenty-first birthday, and his enthusiastic family and neighbors were celebrating the occasion. The little phonograph noisily ground out one old record after another, and whenever it would have paused for breath, Bert vigorously rewound the machine and started it again. At such times he beamed happily, his big mouth open in a wide grin. He was quite content to stand by the phonograph and preside over the festivities, perfectly happy to watch others labor through the difficult intricacies of the dance.

¶ "Bert, aren't you goin' to dance? His sister Anna stood beside him. "It's your birthday and you ought to." Bert looked down at his big feet and shuffled them uneasily. "No," he said slowly, "I don't want to."

¶ "Ah, come on, Bert," Anna urged. "I'll dance with you and mama wants you to."

¶ With that Bert turned weakly to his sister and allowed her to lead him off triumphantly into the midst of the dancers.

¶ "That's your wrong foot, Bert," his sister whispered, "and remember it's a waltz. That goes one, two, three; one, two three."

¶ "I'm counting," he said. "Just don't you talk, Anna, so's I can watch my feet."

¶ The eventual end of that record, and consequently of that dance, brought Bert safely back to the phonograph, beaming expansively and mopping off his red face with a scarlet bandanna handkerchief.

¶ "You did fine," Anna assured him. "You didn't step on my shoes once. Now why don't you ask the teacher.

¶ "Go on, Bert," Anna urged him. "I'm going to put on a record. Hurry up before someone else asks her."

¶ She gave him a compelling shove, and mechanically he started in the direction in which he had been pushed.

¶ Almost there, he hesitated. The ardor of Anna's enthusiasm was rapidly forsaking him, and his feet were growing heavier. He stopped short, resolved to go back.

¶ But it was too late. Already the teacher had seen him and was smiling encouragingly. He gulped and went forward.

¶ Another step and he was beside her. She was waiting for him to speak, but his tongue failed him. He looked at the floor, then at his shoes; then he noticed his belt; finally his eyes crawled up to his necktie, a birthday gift. He intently studied its crimson and orange splendors. The teacher coughed discreetly, and Bert was forced to look up.

¶ "Can-I-have-this dance?" he jerked, finally.

¶ "Surely," she replied, and smiled again.

¶ Her smiles confused Bert. They made him wonder if he was expected to say something, and he never knew what to say.

¶ The phonograph started again, something about "A Letter Tied With Blue." Bert stiffened abruptly. He had never danced to that piece. Anna had never told him whether it was a waltz or a two-step. All of the other couples had stepped out and had swung into the dance. The teacher was now waiting for him. Mechanically he placed his huge hand at her back, gingerly accepted her small fingers within his palm, and waited.

¶ The music was going steadily on, wheezing out more about a rose and a broken heart, but never saying "one, two, three." Perspiration broke out on him. And he looked about him helplessly. Anna was dancing at the far end of the room, her back turned to him.

¶ The teacher waited, wondering at Bert's strange immobility. She expected him to explain his queer behavior, but since he said nothing, and only glared intently at the ceiling, she spoke again. "That's a pretty waltz, isn't it?" she asked.

¶ Bert looked at her quickly. She had said waltz.

¶ A waltz meant one, two, three. He breathed a deep sigh of relief and stepped slowly forward, his feet moving precisely as Anna had taught him, his big arm pumping up and down in rhythm to his whispered count. —The End.

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He walked up and down Carmel streets, visited shops and enjoying the quaintness of our village. He was here for nearly a week and gone again before a score of people were aware that Charles Laughton, the great English actor, who played *Henry* in the movie of "Henry the Eighth" had been in town. Our populace does not bother with celebrities, we have lots of them here.

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Ross Kiester is being trained by the Theatre of the Golden Bough for a Government position. So efficiently did he play the part of a postman in Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" that he has been cast in the same capacity in the present production of "Counsellor at Law," which will be given this Friday and Saturday nights at the Community theatre.

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Carl Moll now living in the San Joaquin Valley near Los Banos was in Carmel Saturday and Sunday.

Carmel's big red fire engine was called out Thursday to extinguish a grass blaze on Mountain View Avenue. Dashing to the scene of conflagration accompanied by scores of cars and screaming sirens the huge truck arrived at the fire. Seeing for what petty reasons it had been called from its rest the crimson monster blushed a deeper red, spat contemptuously on the flames and roared grumblingly back to it's den.

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After, lo, these many years on Dolores Street, Carmel's postoffice, now long and narrow, is to move to the large corner store of the Murphy building, short and broad, on the southwest corner of Ocean Avenue and Mission Street.

¶ This new location for the transaction of Uncle Sam's business is the fourth location since the founding of the town. The first place occupied was the store of the Carmel News Co., with L. S. Slevin as Postmaster; then a move was made to a store on Ocean Avenue next door to what is now Staniford's drug store; after a brief occupancy and a considerable growth of the town population, these last quarters were found inadequate. Tom Morgan's offer to build a postoffice was accepted by the Department and the move to the present quarters was made. Even that, in a short time, proved inadequate and on two occasions the work-room and lobby were enlarged.

The Postmasters in office during this period of growth and change of location were L. S. Slevin, L. F. Payne, Miss Stella Vincent, W. L. Overstreet and Mrs. Irene Cator.

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With the formation of an organization, the selection of committees, the appointment of Byington Ford as general manager and the appointment of other necessary officers, plans are already in the making for the March, 1935, Monterey Peninsula International Sports Event.

¶ This affair, which is to mark the completion of the splendid Carmel-San Simeon Highway, a sixty-three-mile stretch of State road, paralleling the Pacific, is the culmination of years of effort to make available an all-coast road from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

¶ With the exception of the Olympic Games, this Peninsula sports program is to be the best of the kind ever held anywhere. From all over the United States and abroad will come, at the invitation of the local organization, athletes of outstanding ability. Clubs and universities will send their best.

¶ One enthusiast predicts that a hundred thousand people will visit the Peninsula during the week of the tournament. Preparations must be made to handle this vast throng. Now is the time to prepare. Retailers, home-owners, hotels and amusement places will be the chief beneficaries of this great event in the Spring of 1935.

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The only incident that ruffled the serenity of the regular July meeting of the Carmel City Council last Thursday evening was occasioned by the remarks of Citizen Henry P. Larouette. Following a discussion of library affairs, he intimated that the city's contribution to the Monterey Peninsula Animal Shelter was not justified, and that a deputy at $60 a month in the Tax Collector's office was not necessary. In closing his address, Larouette remarked, "I want to give you something to think about when you make up your budget."

¶ Following the reading of the annual report of the Carmel Library Trustee by Paul C. Prince, the Council took under advisement the matter of fixing next year's library rate in the forthcoming budget.

¶ There will be no change in the business license ordinance insofar as the $100 deposit required for projected new establishments is concerned. No action was taken on a recommendation to reduce the deposit to $25, in view of the fact that eighty business concerns filed a petition for retention of the higher amount required.

¶ Preliminary action was taken looking toward Carmel's participation in the expense of the proposed airport near the polo field at Del Monte. Final action will depend upon what Monterey and Pacific Grove do in the matter.

¶ First reading was given an amendment to Ordinance No. 59, which provides for the removal by the city of dead, diseased and dangerous trees on private property.

¶ An informal discussion concerning jurisdiction over matters concerning sanitary sewer maintenance and equipment developed the opinion of the Council to the effect that the entire sanitary sewer business should be turned over to the Sanitary Board. Committees of both bodies will get together.

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With a week's delay, caused by sickness in the cast, Ted Kuster's production "Counsellor at Law" will go on this weekend, minutely rehearsed and well ready for public showing. The weeks postponement, although not necessary, will give smoothness and added finesse to the play.

# CRIER ★

Miss Pat Appleton and Robert Bovard spent Fourth of July week end with Mrs. T. J. Jackson on the Point.

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Miss Caroll Hibbert of Berkeley is spending a week in Carmel visiting Leontine Wallace, an artist on Mountain View Avenue.

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Mrs. Bronson and two daughters Mary and Janet of Piedmont were in the village over the holidays.

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Miss Florence Gaylord and Bertha Shopleigh are in Santa Barbara for a month.

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What of that trip to the Presidio Ross—were you commissioned—what rank Keister?

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We saw Ronny "Beachcomber" Johnson back on the surf yesterday, despite a pale emaciated look Ronny was jolly and gay and expressed himself as being afraid he would live.

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Miss Svely Schmitt, who graduated this summer from "Cal" is living with Mrs. J. K. Lynch on South Mission Street.

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The Wheeler residence at Pebble Beach will shortly be occupied by Dorothy Hill, socialite and golfer. She will have house guests from time to time during the summer.

Miss Betty Joyce of Pied
and John von Saltza of C
are to be married at the
home tomorrow. The c
reside at Palo Alto,
von Saltza may cont
ical studies at Stan

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Tomorrow morni
will afford the la
to appear before th
Supervisors at Salinas t
assessments made by the C
Assessor. After that it will be just
too bad.

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Eddie Files is still smoking a pipe and remaining very aloof and mysterious. Are you writing that great American novel Ed?

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The wedding of Miss Marjorie Legge, concert pianiste, and Fritz Wurzmann, Monterey businessman, will take place next Monday at the home of the bride's parents in Berkeley. They will reside in

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Carmelites in action at Del Monte Friday night were: Ronald Johnson, Henry Hasty, Frances Van Fleet, Mary Hughes, Jim Keplinger, Pat Appleton, F. Robert Smith, Spec Watson, Jean and Nan Thompson.

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The Misses Jessie and Ellen Brown motored to Palo Alto Sunday with Carl von Saltza.

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Miss Sally Merritt of Palo Alto is spending this week with Frances Van Fleet on Camino Real.

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Shades of Frier Tuck. Good shot. Bob Smith running about town Saturday in a Friars robe selling tickets for the barbecue at Indian Village.

appr
as heretofore.

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The play is over, the last gun is shot, the last song is sung and another play, "Going Some" is stamped with approval and placed on the shelf among the has beens of the Forest Theater.

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Dame Gossip has it that Henry Morales, the gay galloping Lothario of Point Lobos is contemplating marriage. The bachelor lines are thinning but there are a few old regulars left. Good luck, Henry.

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Julius Ratner from Berkeley is the house guest for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Trowbridge Reynolds.

❀ ❀

Leon Ames of Berkeley after completing a world cruise has taken a house in the Eighty Acres where he plans to rest for a few months and then go on to China.

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Mr. and Mrs. Norman Trowbridge Reynolds entertained at dinner last week. Among those present were Captain and Mrs. Blamer, Captain and Mrs. Pat Hudgins, Madame Barry Orlova, Betty Reynolds and Sandra Graft.

nd Mrs. K. Hoblitzelle of Texas, are at Del Monte or the summer. Mrs. Hob- longs to the Community Dallas and is going to in the Forest The-

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well, noted phy- er, Colorado and re leaving Thursday annual vacation in

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Sally Merritt, of Berkeley and Betty Robinson of Palo Alto, are leaving today for their homes after spending a week with Mrs. Allan Van Fleet and her daughters.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Herbert John Morse, who has been confined to the Monterey Hospital, is now out of danger.

❀ ❀

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Harrington and their daughter, Betty, of Piedmont, have left for home. Miss Harrington, while here, fell from her horse and was confined to the hospital for a number of days.

❀ ❀

Mrs. H. K. Taylor and daughter and son, David, have taken an apartment at the Sundial Court for the rest of the summer.

❀ ❀

Bert Heron has put a chorus on the balcony of Seven Arts Court to attract the tourist trade. We hope it won't attract tin cans.

❀ ❀

Dave Taylor of Berkeley is spending a six weeks in the village, living at Sun Dial Court apartments.

❀ ❀

Miss Florence Brown and Miss Mary Campbell have taken a cottage in Carmel for a week.

Van

Betty Robinson.

❀ ❀

Mrs. McClatchy, whose husband owns the *Sacramento Bee*, has taken a house in Pebble Beach for the rest of the season.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Jesse Lasky, wife of the well-known Hollywood producer, is staying at Pine Inn for a few days.

❀ ❀

Ronald Colman has just left after spending a short vacation at Pine Inn.

❀ ❀

Sumner Warner who is playing with Ed Fitzpatrick's band at Santa Monica has visited Carmel several times this summer.

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Professor Umberto Oliver, who is in the Italian department at the University of Santa Clara, and his daughter, Jessie, spent last week-end in Carmel.

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Richard H. Lawrence, Denver sculptor, accompanied by his sister and mother, is now staying at *Journey's End*. Mr. Lawrence studied art at the Art Institute of Chicago and later abroad.

Miss Betty Dresser of San Francisco and Miss Anne Wolcott of Santa Barbara spent a few days last week in Carmel.

❀ ❀

Joseph Schoeninger from Evanston, Illinois, left Thursday morning for his home. Misses Hester and Gretchen Schoeninger gave a small dinner party for him the night before.

❀ ❀

Col. and Mrs. A. C. Stillwell with their children have just moved in to their new home on the Point.

❀ ❀

DeWitt Blamer Jr, has gone up to the Blamer summer home, Fir Lough Lodge on the Rogue River, in Southern Oregon. Captain and Mrs. Blamer will join him shortly.

❀ ❀

Miss Jane Hopper gave a large cocktail party in honor of Kay Walsh, who is a house guest of Miss Hopper's. Among the guests were a number of R. O. T. C. boys and the following girls: Jean Leidig, Sue Brownell, Florence Brown, Mary Campbell, Connie Elston, Betty LaSalle, Elizabeth Houghton, Anne Hickox, Eleanor Watson, Beverly and Joan Tait, Judy Hughes and Betty Pickering.

❀ ❀

Captain Paul Perigord, prominent professor of French civilization at the University of California at Los Angeles is in Carmel for a brief vacation.

❀ ❀

Miss Abbie Lou Bosworth is leaving Thursday for a six months' trip through Europe.

❀ ❀

Neil Weston is spending a week in Santa Barbara with his brother, Brett.

# Three Hours Credit

A SHORT STORY IN EIGHT PARTS
BY SEYMOUR WINSLOW

(PART 3)

*(Continued from last week)*

Where had he go to? Oh, yes—"produces emotional energy without the emotional energy finding a commensurate objective." Punt re-read the paragraph. He knew the meaning of all the words. But the way they were arranged didn't make sense. The word "objective" sent him off into a day-dream from which he awoke four minutes later to find himself diagramming a double wing-back play on the planking of the tower.

¶ A volley of yells from the water brought his head up. Young Domey Donahue and his gang were setting out to change the anchorage of the float to deeper water. Well, deeper water wasn't for even that crowd of seals today. Punt blew a blast on his police whistle. Five watery faces turned toward him. It was clear to Domey's gang that Punt meant business. They dropped the idea. Punt made sure they had, then again locked horns with his favorite Fellow of the Royal Society.

¶ All this stuff about "dynamic personalities" and "self-generating energies" would probably come clear to him better if he went a piece beyond it and then came back. He jumped to the middle of a sentence two paragraphs below:

¶ " . . . in contrast to which, we find a distinct and increasing tendency in modern civilization toward deliberate selectivity on the part of the female in the choice of a mate. This phenomenon in ethnic groups tends inevitably toward some form of outright gynocracy."

¶ Gynocracy! Socko! What a mess of syllables! Punt wished for his desk dictionary. Lacking it, he tried to take the word apart. The only meaning it suggested didn't seem to apply. He was still reeling from the impact when there came the quick scrape of sandaled feet on the rungs of his ladder. Margie Black, an ash-blonde miracle, as newly created and charmingly fashioned as a magazine cover girl and clad in the briefest of white suits and red espadrilles, swung up to his perch, sprinkling him with sea water as she settled herself close by his side.

¶ "Punto the Pundit!" Margie gave him a ravishing smile. "Don't you every weary of tearing down the old brain tissue?" She gazed at him with extravagant devotion.

¶ Margie was up to some little game, Punt surmised. But she was a cute kid, at that. "Drolly enough," he confided, "it is from the things of the mind that I derive my chiefest pleasures. Chiefest! That's a fast one!"

¶ Margie doubled over in an uncalled-for fit of amusement. "I bet you were sort of fun before you made Work your very God."

¶ "The toast of Wellesley," he assured her. "Drink standing."

¶ "Wellesley should see you today. Hell bent for magna cum laude."

¶ Margie hummed a rumba and swayed to its rhythm. Then, using Punt's body as a blind, she sent a cautious acquisitive glance to a spot on the beach behind them. Punt too turned to look and saw why Margie was putting on this show atop the tower.

¶ Larry Pyne, a Princetonian who had unexplainably stumbled into this backwater of seashore life, was lolling handsomely on the sand talking to a sultry girl called Lupe who was somebody's sister-in-law. Larry had been Margie's exclusive property up to Lupe's recent advent.

¶ Punt, in the present bit of action, perceived himself to be merely the cushion in a caron shot. He didn't mind. Margie was a sweet thing. He'd even lend her a hand with the strategy—so long as it didn't take too much time from "Human Relationships." He'd have to get back and dope out what Cogswell meant by deliberate selectivity of the female and that gynocracy business. Wow!

¶ Punt assumed an affectionate interest in Margie. "How's the season rounding out for you, Marge? Blotted up a prom date yet?"

¶ "Punt, you're being crass. Am I one to snare such things in cold cunning?"

¶ "Yes. Well, not cold, exactly."

(*Continued next week*)

❀ ❀

If a man smiles at home somebody is sure to ask him for money.

Famous for
Chicken and Turkey
Dinners

Open from 5:30 a.m.
to 9:30 p.m. Every Day

## STORY OF THE COWBOY

*(Continued from last week)*

¶ The branding fire has been built and while the irons are getting hot the cowboys smoke and talk. Most of their talk is about horses and cattle. Then the man in charge of the branding fire hollers at the top of his voice, "Hot irons, hot irons, cowboys! Bring in the calves and be sure you read the brands right."

¶ The roper turns his colt and rides slowly into the herd. Horses and riders move as quietly as they can. They don't want to frighten the cattle, to get them milling or to start a stampede. It's only in movies you see cowboys riding at top speed and roping cattle. Pretty soon the roper picks out a calf, then reads the brand on its mother's side. A flirt of his rawhide rope, then he turns his horse toward the fire. He's caught the calf neatly by both hind legs and drags him bawling up to the branding fire. Two cowboys jump on the calf while a third presses the hot brand against its side. The air is filled with smoke, the smell of burned hide and the wild bawling of the calf. Next it is ear-marked, which is done by cutting out of its ear with a sharp knife.

¶ Calves are ear-marked so that in the dead of the winter, when the hair is long and the brands can't be seen, the cowboys can tell their cattle by the niche in their ear. Every outfit has a different ear-mark.

¶ The calf is turned loose and runs bawling back to its mother. Cowboys and horse go back to the herd for more calves and so it goes, day after day, till finally the deep snow and cold weather drive the round-up wagon back to the home ranch.

¶ A roper will use five saddle horses in a day and there'll be about five ropers working on a good sized herd. A cowboy has from ten to twenty-five horses in his string, depending on the outfit he works for and the character of the country. It takes more horses to carry a man in the mountains or bad lands than it does on the flats and prairies.

¶ A great many people think a cowboy is just a cowboy, but that's a big mistake. There's several different kinds, starting with the circle rider who rides the circles and gathers the cattle in great herds, then rides herd while the calves are being branded or the strays cut out.

¶ These are the lowest paid men in the cow camps. All the hardest work falls on them and they are the first men to be turned loose after the fall round-up. Most of them spend the winters shoveling hay to hungry cattle, chopping wood and some do chores around the different ranches for their board. Others ride the grub line which, reduced to facts, is nothing more or less than a saddle tramp. They ride from ranch to ranch, staying a few days, helping with the chores but they are always smart enough to leave before their welcome is worn out.

¶ Next is the bronc peeler. He breaks horses in the spring and when the wagon pulls out, his job is to take the kink out of any cowboy's horse that he is asked to. Many people have a mistaken idea that all cowboys are bronc riders, but that isn't the case by a long shot. The bronc riders are in a class by themselves and most of them are very poor cowboys. The ride rough strings on the round-up. A rough string is horses that buck every time they are rode and are too salty for the common hand. Next to the roper the bronc peeler is the highest paid man on the outfit.

¶ (Very few bronc peelers die of old age.) —JACK E. DALTON

*(Continued next week)*

## Book Reviews

Book leaders in the sales list for last week stand in the following order, according to returns from the book trade across the country.

FICTION

"Mr. Pinkerton Goes to Scotland Yard," by David Frome.

"Anitra's Dance," Fannie Hurst.

DR. R. E. BROWNELL
*Dentist*
DUMMAGE BUILDING
OCEAN AND DOLORES
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

*Carmel Style Shop*
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BRUCKNERS
*Ocean below Lincoln*
*Telephone* 1082

**Bettie Greene Stables**
The Stables at the Corner of Junipero Street and Fifth / Carmel-by-the-Sea
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"The Unpossessed," by Tess Slesinger.
"The Ginger Griffen," by Ann Bridge.
"Lamb in His Bosom," by Caroline Miller.
"Five Silver Daughters," by Louis Golding.
"Thank You, Jeeves," by P. G. Wodehouse.
"Journey to the End of the Night," by Louis Ferdinand Celine.
"Private Worlds," by Phyllis Bottome.
"Seven Gothic Tales," by Isak Dinesen.
"Tender Is the Night," by F. Scott Fitzgerald.
"Work of Art," Sinclair Lewis.
"Within This Present," by Margaret Ayer Barnes.
"Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
"Magnus Merriman," by Eric Linklater.
"The Oppermanns," by Lion Feuchtwanger.
"A Modern Tragedy," by Phyllis Bentley.
"The World Is Yours," by G. B. Lancaster.
"The Mother," by Pearl S. Buck.
"Men Against the Sea," Charles Nordhoff and James N. Hall.
"Oil for the Lamps of China," by Alice Tisdale.
"The Farm," by Louis Bromfield.

NON-FICTION

"The Money Muddle," by James P. Warburg.
"Modern Art," by Thomas Craven.
"Merchants of Death," by H. C. Englebrecht, Ph.D., and F. C. Hanighen.
"Technics and Civilization," by Lewis Mumford.
"The Economy of Abundance," by Stuart Chase.
"Iron, Blood and Profit," by Gilbert D. Seldes.
"Colonel T. H. Lawrence," by Liddell Hart.
"San Francisco, A Pageant," by Charles Caldwell Dobie.
"The Robber Barons," by Matthew Josephson.
"The Saga of the Comstock Lode," by George D. Lyman.
"While Rome Burns," by Alexander Woolcott.
"First Over Everest," by P. F. M. Fellows.
"Portrait of America," by Diego Rivera.
"Tia Barbarita," by Barbara Peart.
"More Fun in Bed," edited by Frank Scully.
"The Native's Return," by Louis Adamie.
"Christina of Sweeden," by Margaret Goldsmith.
"Testament of Youth," by Vera Brittain.
"Cry Havoc," by Beverley Nichols.
"War Memories," by David Lloyd George.
"More Power to You," by Walter B. Pitkin.
"The Barbary Coast," by Herbert Ashbury.
"The House of Exile," by Nora Wain.
"100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," by Arthur Kallet.

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Seventeen books are rented to every book sold, according to a survey just completed by the Baker & Taylor Company, book wholesalers. In making the survey, 878 books were traced. Of these books 533 were sold at retail and 345 were rented 9,496 times and some of them are still renting. The books rented, on the average, twenty-eight times apiece. One of them, Mae West's "Diamond Lil," had an average rental of forty-five times per copy.

History repeats itself—when you least expect it.

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# The Theatre

"I find 'Counsellor at Law' exceedingly accurate in its portrayal of the legal profession. Mr. Kuster, director of the play, which will be presented this Friday and Saturday nights at the Community Playhouse, tells me most of the plays and pictures depicting law offices and court room scenes are grossly exaggerated and distorted.

¶ "This accuracy can be accounted for, not only because Elmer Rice, the author of the play, was for many years a New York lawyer, but because he is interested in the problems and character types of modern times. His intelligent interest is unfolded in significant tragedy and delicious comedy alike."

¶ Thirty colorful characters in the capacities of office aids and clients provide unusually gay comedy because they are so truly life like. *George Simon*, the boy from across the tracks who has made good in the legal profession, will be played by Edward Kuster instead of Nestor Paiva, as originally scheduled. *Simon* is probably one of the most human roles ever written. He is generous and lovable, egotistical and boyishly naive. Kuster's long experience and proved sincerity in characterizations will provide background for a brilliant interpretation.

¶ It is gratifying that *Simon* will be played, not as a starring role, but as a cog in the wheel of a unified production. Too often a play like "Counsellor at Law," which is meant to be an intimate glance into the actual workings of a situation, is ruined by the emphasizing of one character to the detriment of the ensemble.

¶ The dramatic role of *Regina, Simon's* capable secretary, will be shared by Miss Mary Jane Lough and Mrs. Barbara Allen Gaskin, wife of William Gaskin who is designing the sts. Mrs. Gaskin has had long experience in dramatic work, not only with the Irish Players in New York, but with Radio and in Marionette Theatres throughout the country.

¶ A host of names well-known in professional and amateur drama will be found in the cast list.

¶ Tickets are on sale across from the Carmel Post Office. The family rates extended last winter will still apply. —BY LESLIE DREW

❀ ❀

When the ordinary person tries to make some easy money, he loses his shirt.


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This week's entertainment at the Carmel Theatre will be the following movies:

THURSDAY: "Little Man, What Now"—Good.

FRIDAY: "Smarty"—Good.

SATURDAY: "Cock-eyed Cavaliers" Fair.

SUNDAY-MONDAY: "The Thin Man"—Good.

TUESDAY: "Such Women Are Dangerous"—Fair.

WEDNESDAY: "20th Century"—Excellent.

❀ ❀

BUT . . .

*Should the fast young man*
*Go in the right direction;*
*He surely would arrive*
*Hell-bent for election.*

—ANNICE CALLAND


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"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW"
Elmer Rice's brilliant new Comedy-Drama
AT CARMEL COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
July 13th and 14th at 8:30 p.m.
Tickets on Sale opposite Carmel Postoffice

# Our Hollywood Letter

The announcement of Trinidad Goni's new Moorish version of Ravel's "Bolero" for Wednesday night, July 11, as the first of a series of four summer ballets at popular prices at the Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles, brought a rush of concert patrons to the Shrine box office.

¶ For the Shrine Auditorium production July 11, Senorita Goni offered a new version of "Bolero," using a Moorish legend by Marouf, celebrated Casablanca poet, as her theme. The action took place in a Moorish harem, with 100 beautiful slave girls dancing before the Sultan in sumptuous splendor, climaxed by a thrilling scimitar fight between the Sultan and a young sheik over the captive daughter of a desert chief. Senorita Goni, Pauline Becker, James Reynolds and Manuel Ugalde had the leading roles.

¶ Other ballets on the Shrine summer season will be Lester Horton's production of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," July 25; "The Painted Desert," mammoth American Indian pageant with music by Homer Grunn, August 8; and Ethel Meglin's elaborate fantasy, "Three Little Pigs," featuring a cast and chorus of 500 famous Meglin Kiddies, August 22.

—Anne of Hollywood

❀ ❀

## BOOKS

Two books will be issued as co-selections by the Book-of-the-Month Club in July. They are "Matador," Gertrude Steen's novel of Spain, which Little, Brown will publish, and "Years Are So Long," by Josephine Lawrence, which Stokes will bring out.

❀ ❀

Admitting that he has some exceedingly tough authors on his list, Alfred A. Knopf announces that he is about to introduce a new one who is even tougher and more hardboiled than either Dashiell Hammett, author of "The Thin Man," or James M. Cain, author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice." The new man is Benjamin Appel, whose novel, "Brain Guy," will be published on July 23. "Brain Guy" is the story of a college graduate, and an intelligent person, who drifts


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*announces*
*the reopening of his vocal studio*
*at La Casita on Monte Verde*
*and Thirteenth*

No charge for auditions

AN OPEN LETTER
FROM
LYNN HODGES

*Dear Lover of the Horse:*

The San Carlos Riding Stables takes great pleasure in inviting you to visit our place of business. We are constantly increasing our saddle stock and today we have some of the finest mounts on the Monterey Peninsula.

Nowhere in the world are there finer places to ride than here in Carmel. Just think of the joy of galloping over the wind swept hills of our beautiful countryside astride a fine horse.

Won't you come in and let us show you what we have?

*Thank you very much,*

LYNN HODGES
Ocean and San Carlos

P. S. We have been here for 13 years . . . a landmark!

into crime, acquires the characteristics and mentality of the gangsters with whom he associates, and eventually becomes the successful head of a successful "mob." The scene is lower West Side New York, where Benjamin Appel was brought up as a child and where he is living now. He tells his publishers that the characters in the novel are all based on actual persons, and that the events, details, etc., are strictly true of people living in Hell's Kitchen and the Chelsea district.

❀ ❀

Willoughby Sharp, whose "Murder of the Honest Broker" is to be published on July 27th by Claude Kendall, has returned to Bermuda and is already at work on a new thriller to be called by a title which is the last word in something or other. Here it is: "The Mystery of the Multiplying Mules."

❀ ❀

The magazine *College Life* announces a $500 short-story contest in honor of its tenth anniversary. For the best short stories (4,000 to 7,000 words) three prizes are offered: First prize, $250; second, $100, and third, $50. For the best short short story (1,000 to 3,000 words) there will be a special prize of $100. Further information about this contest may be obtained by writing to Contest Editor, *College Life*, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The closing date of the contest is November 1, 1934.

❀ ❀

This year marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Greenland Eskimo, Hans, whose valuable services to American exploration will form the basis of Edwin Gile Rich's "Hans the Eskimo: His Story of Arctic Adventure with Kane, Hayes and Hall." The book will be published in the Fall by Houghton Mifflin Company. Rockwell Kent, without whom no book about Greenland is complete, is doing the illustrations.

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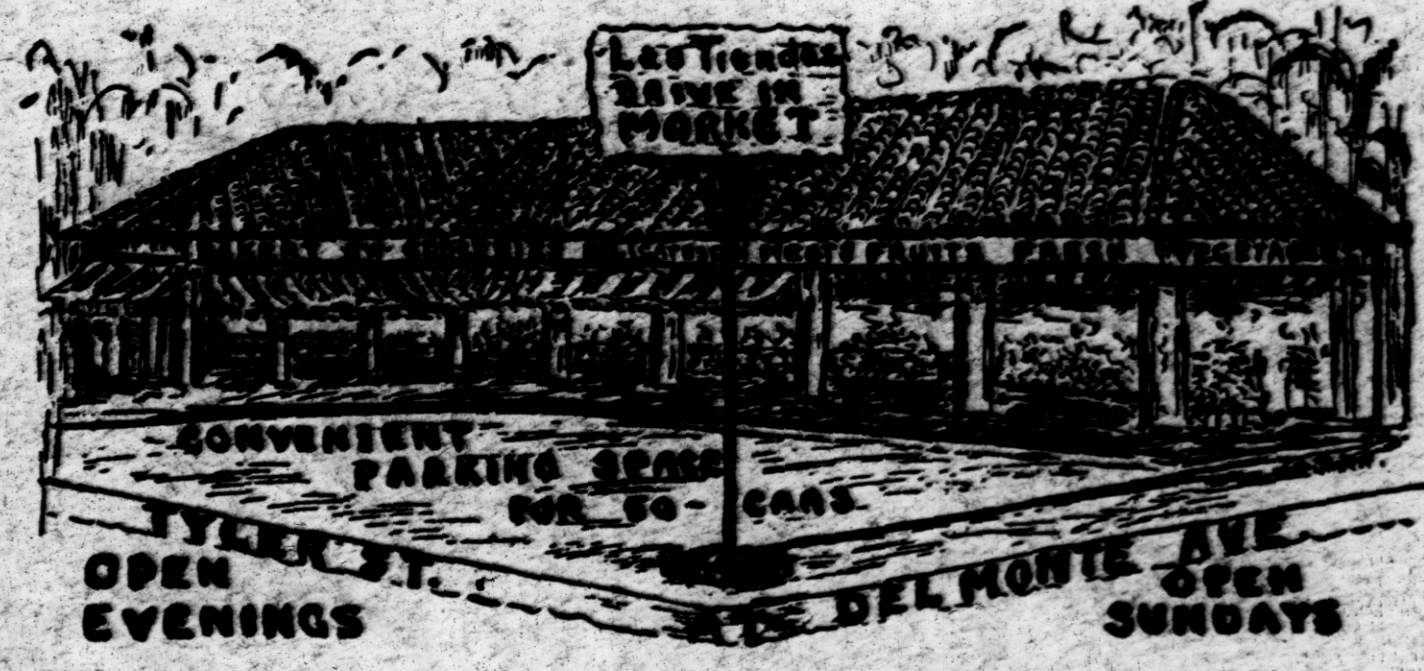


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Edward A. Oldham, 524 West 122nd Street, New York City, is getting together biographical material relating to the life of John Henry Bone, the North Carolina poet who at one time was editor of *The Literary Digest*. He would like to hear from Mr. Bone's old associates in New York or elsewhere who may have recollections of him, letters from him or inscribed copies of his book, "Whispering Pines." Mr. Oldham promises that any original material sent to him will be copied and safely returned to the owners.

❀ ❀

In the review of Helen Follett's "Star to Steer By," which appeared in June, the name of the artist who illustrated the book was erroneously given as Armstrong Perry, instead of Armstrong Sperry. The book is published by Macmillan.


Russell W. Giles
for
COUNTY TREASURER
Elect
A Monterey Peninsula Man

Vote for
J · E · Steinbeck
Incumbent
FOR COUNTY TREASURER

ANNA E. JOHNSON
Incumbent
for
County Auditor

CARL ABBOTT
for
Sheriff
STANDING SQUARELY ON MY RECORD
CARL ABBOTT CARL ABBOTT CARL ABBOTT

E. E. PATTERSON
Incumbent Candidate for
The Assembly
35th District
San Luis Obispo and Monterey Counties

H · W · ALLSMAN
for
CONSTABLE
Monterey Township

Re-elect
C. F. JOY
Incumbent
for County Clerk

ELECT
HENRY E. FREELS
for
CONSTABLE
Monterey Township
Deputy Constable for past 7 years

W · C · THEILE
Candidate for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

ELECT
Howard D. Peters
for
COUNTY SURVEYOR

Vote for Eugene A.
O'GRADY
for
Sheriff of Monterey Co.

ELECT
Joseph E.
MITCHELL
Sheriff
of Monterey County
CAPABLE AND RELIABLE

WALTER · R
TAVERNETTI
Incumbent
for
ASSESSOR

RETAIN
H A R R Y , L .
NOLAND
INCUMBENT
District Attorney
of Monterey County

## Political Brevities

Though apparently a necessary move, it seems to be the general opinion that Acting Governor Frank Merriam, by calling out the State Militia in the longshoreman's strike, has cooked his political goose. In Republican circles there is evident a strong drift toward the candidacy of former Governor C. C. Young.

❀ ❀

¶ His charming forensic manner and apparent logic of his argument whenever he speaks or writes makes Upton Sinclair a formidable candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor. But George Creel and Justice Wardell are some campaigners too. What a scrap.

❀ ❀

Varne and Vivienne, the international dance team who were to have closed their engagement at Del Monte this week will continue until next Sunday, it was announced today by Carl S. Stanley, manager of Hotel Del Monte.

¶ Since they opened up two weeks ago at Del Monte, the dance team have created a sensation on the peninsula with their specialty numbers and interpretations of the Catioca and the Rhumba. They will make their final appearance next Sunday night at a dinner dance at Del Monte Lodge, Pebble Beach.

¶ Varne and Vivienne leave Del Monte to open up at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles and are expected to return for another limited engagement at Del Monte in August.

¶ Starting Friday, July 20, a troupe of three famed dancers headed by Dorothy Streeter will open a three day engagement at Del Monte.


Re-Elect
J. A. (OLLIE)
CORNETT
Incumbent
CORONER, PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

ERNEST CANEPA
Candidate for
Constable

Elect
FRANK OYER
CONSTABLE
Monterey Township

ROBERT · A
STIRLING
Candidate for
Treasurer of Monterey County
20 years Supervisor of Monterey County
6 years Postmaster of Castroville
"STANDING FOR STABILITY"

ELECT
GEO. D.
POLLOCK
District Attorney

Re-elect
Howard · F · Cozzens
County Surveyor

Vote for
Anthony Brazil
for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Vote for "VIC" J.
BARLOGIO
for Coroner and Public Administrator

RE-ELECT
JAMES · G
FORCE
Superintendent of Schools
27 years continuous service as teacher, principal, superintendent in California schools

VOTE FOR
BEN H. LEIDIG
for
COUNTY TREASURER
Educated in Montery Schools

# Pamphleteer vs. Upton Sinclair

Well, well, to think that I find myself, the old Pamphleteer, agreeing with Upton Sinclair. Even if it is only with his first sentence! But that, as is unusual with author-politicians (with whom the hand that holds the pen also passes the hat) has more food for thought than the rest of Mr. Sinclair's little dissertation via the TOWN CRIER. With the present modesty of punctuation, that article is entitled E. P. I. C., and it starts with this epic simplicity: "I think one of the greatest reasons for the popularity of the EPIC plan with the people of California is its simplicity."

¶ Indeed it is, Mr. Sinclair. That is the whole charm to an harrassed public in all these new plans, however they can be spotted with letters. They must all be simple. You have, I take. I spend, you pay. I say, you do. Soak the rich. I shall speak to you very, very simply; the trouble with banking is that we have no national plan for banking. That is all there is to say, I think, about banking. The Constitution makes our government too complicated for efficiency; give all the power of government to the executive, and let the legislature and judiciary talk about it if they like. That will be simple and we will all wake up in Utopia, and if it doesn't work or we don't like it, "chalk it up as one more experiment under the New Deal." All planning is very, very simple. You push in the starter, and you let off the brake and the clutch, and you go. It's all an experiment, and you don't need to understand, and you mustn't criticise unless you do understand. Remember it is a direct, simple, solution; it must be because we have worked it out on paper. Don't worry about consequences or where the road is going, just remember that as long as things sound very simple enough it is all right. Shut your eyes and open your mouth and put out your hand and see what you get. And Simon, whose first name is still Simple, and whose last name is ever Legion, and who lives, alas, in California as he does in other places, still believes that pie comes from Heaven, and is neither to be made or paid for.

¶ But it is well to reflect on who the modern Pieman is. The original pieman who met the original Simon and explained that pies were simple and easy to understand—but there was just so much to go round, that they were the product of effort, and that they must be paid for honestly—has long since walked off the earth. The modern pieman stops half-way. "Certainly," says he to the Simons—both to the Simons who are admittedly hungry and to whom any lack of forethought is therefore utterly forgiven, and to the Simons who are grateful for any assurance that takes little thought and promises no consequences—"Certainly, I'll give you my pie, and we'll divide it and everybody will eat his own and continue to eat it. Nobody will pay for it. We do not thus interfere with private business making pies. Let them compete with free pie giving and try to buy the flour and the berries, the sugar and the heat in competing with us if they like. Let the free-pie system become an acknowledged "solution" of the eating question, let it expand at the expense of the old order." Soon the old order of those who produce the pies and sell them will collapse before free pie. Our wedge of state production will have entered in, it will be easier and easier to leave all to the state; workers of hand and brain on the outside will clamor at our gates. They needs must check their independence, their reliance, their manhood, their common-sense, their thrift and honesty, their future and their children's future, at the gate as they come in. But it's all very simple—comfort and pie to all who will, and before you come to realize who pays for it, your own efforts will be mortgaged beyond choice. "Most people have been unable to understand the reasons and remedy for our present condition of economic paralysis," so we will make it simple for them, simple as a round little sugar pill. And naturally people will like what they can understand.

¶ Mr. Sinclair and his ilk are very, very clever. But perhaps they are so clever that they fail to understand the very simple people, who are also, sometimes, very deep. And very humble. Who know that there are, in this intricate and bitter and beautiful world, many interests, many forces, much misunderstanding, much cross-purpose, many factors complicating the love of man for man, the kindness of man to man, and the clear will of God behind it. They know the truths of human nature and the laws of human nature, and that the promiser and the performer are very often different beings. They know, too, that often things are far too simple to be true. And that no man, for himself, or for the sober weight upon him to keep his fellows safe, can afford to buy what is not true for his spiritual food.

—D. M.

⌘ ⌘

Latest of the Day to Day pamphlets published by the Hogarth Press of London are the following: "Race and Economics in South Africa," by W. G. Ballinger; "The Worker and Wage Incentives," by W. F. Watson, and "Caste and Democracy," by K. M. Panikar.